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15. — *Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of his Life.* Edited by his Wife. Abridged from the London Edition. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1877. 12mo. pp. 502.

FEW men within the narrow limits of a country parish were ever more busy than Charles Kingsley, few from such possible obscurity have reached out to a wider present influence, and few have left a similar record of charming home life. The story here modestly told by Mrs. Kingsley with tender affection and excellent taste reminds one of what Coleridge said of Keble's life at Hursley Vicarage, though no men could have been wider asunder in their ways of looking at the same truths than Kingsley and Keble. The one, stepping out into the broad arena of modern thought and life, did what the other accomplished by his authority in the direction of pure ecclesiasticism, and both had that genuine literary faculty by which in the common sphere of the imagination they went beyond the bounds of creed and became religious teachers to the wide world. Mr. Kingsley inherited a passionate intensity of nature, which, unfitting him for the silent studies of a man like Mill, made him the excellent intermediate between the investigating student and the eager public. He was never in matters of thought exactly a self-contained man. Carlyle's "French Revolution" was his book for restful reading, and Carlyle in earlier, and Maurice in later years divided the honor of being his master and leader. And yet, if not himself a leader in the highest sense, he was certainly the leader of the multitude as the exponent of their thoughts. The interest in the story of his life in England is proof of the intense sympathy which all classes have with a man who was at once poet, novelist, preacher, professor, ecclesiastic, and scientist, and who was second-rate in nothing which he did. His career of usefulness in a private station has seldom been surpassed. Great indignation was aroused against him for "Alton Locke," and afterwards for "Yeast," because he had championed the Chartist and socialistic movements which aimed to protect the workingmen, and an Oxford professor could even scent the heresy of immorality in "Hypatia"; but all this he lived down by his own inherent goodness, better known in the lapse of years, and though he died at the early age of fifty-six, he had accomplished as much during these years in each of many departments of activity as most men with a longer life perform in one.

Mrs. Kingsley has been true to the memory of her husband in these pages, which are rather improved by the abridgment of the American editor, and the story has abundant merits as the full sketch of Charles

Kingsley in his essentially private life, but the memoir and letters have an independent value for the glimpses of the society of the best people in England during the middle of this century. Maurice, Carlyle, Max Müller, Tennyson, Froude, Hughes, Stanley, are a few of the persons who appear in these pages, and Kingsley gradually found himself sought out as the most desirable guest or companion wherever he went ; but there are no traces of the morbid man of genius, and dangerous as were his socialistic affiliations at one period of his life, he never quite lost his balance. The qualities which give present value to these memoirs are what contribute to the value of his novels. They are largely photographs of current society and present thought. Kingsley was emphatically the man of his age, and whatever other men felt or believed he felt and believed too. Such a man is seldom consistent in thought, however he may be at heart. "You logical Scotchmen must construct consistent theories," he once said to the "Country Parson," known as A. K. H. B. ; "I have intuitions of individual truth. How they are to be reconciled I know not." But his very inconsistencies as the expression of his personal convictions give a certain charm to this memoir, and in a higher sense there was no inconsistency in his way of holding and teaching the highest truths and convictions. His life carries to men a splendid example of untiring, unselfish work, in which the man always rose to his opportunity, and without the egotism and ambition which usually accompany men of genius, responded manfully to the promptings of the spirit within and of duty without. If not as great as his admirers would be inclined to rate him, few in his generation have lived a more useful or a nobler life.

16. — *A Ride to Khiva.* By FRED BURNABY. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1877.

OF the many books on Central Asia printed during the last twelve-month, Captain Burnaby's narrative of his journey on horseback through the Aral desert to Khiva is the most spirited and readable. He does not give us so much information regarding the resources of the country visited or the social condition of its people as other travellers have collected in other parts of Turkistan, but he is endowed with the literary faculty, which cannot be said of all the workers in this field. Nevertheless, this volume, like the works of Schuyler and Arnold, is not free from the suspicion of bookmaking, because like them it wastes much space on the preliminary jaunt through European Russia, a theme which by this time is somewhat trite. When, however, he reaches